



A Prize Story written expressly for the "Times."

THE STRAY WAIF.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

CHAPTER IV.

"Home again! home again—From a foreign shore!" And oh! it fills my soul with joy To meet my friends once more! There I drop the parting tear To cross the ocean's foam. But now, I'm once again with those Who kindly greet me home!"

ICH upon the coast-rocks, Edith sat, watching through the yellow mists of a July sunset, the coming of the white-winged messenger who was to bring her adopted father home from sea.

Slowly and gracefully the noble craft swept into the harbor, rounded the point of land about "The Wolves," and dropped anchor just inside the shelter of Rockest.

Edith sprang down the cliff—the bright curls and loose garments floating in the wind—and in a few moments she was in the arms of honest Jack Tarleton.

"My father! oh, my dear, dear father!" she cried joyfully, kissing his sunburnt cheeks and weather-beaten brow.

"My little bird is glad to see her father, is she?" Glad he has come back from the piratical land where he's been cruising? And how is the mother at home?" Jack asked the question calmly, but there was a quivering of his lip, and a moisture in his eye, which told more honestly than could words have done, the warm place which his wife held in his heart.

"All well, father! and so dreadful anxious to see you! O there she comes now," and before Edith could speak the words, the husband and wife were folded in each other's embrace. Their meeting was a very joyous one—which might have been expected of those who had been separated three long years by the broad, blue waves of the Atlantic. There were scores of inquiries to make and respond to—much to be talked over, and then the cheerful little family sat down to their frugal supper. Plain and humble their fare might have been, but Content presided at the board, and Happiness favored the food, and we will venture to assert that there was not, in all America, a happier company than the three assembled in Jack Tarleton's cottage.

After supper had been despatched, Edith went round to Jack's side, and laid her arm coaxingly about his neck. Jack seemed to understand the action, for he said— "Well! birdie, what is it?" Edith hesitated, and played undecidedly with the long rings of gray hair upon his temples.

"Speak out, Edith. Don't the new rigging brought from the Indies suit my little autocar?"

"Yes, father—it is very beautiful!"

"Well, then; why the cloud on birdie's face? It ill befits it." There was a depth of tenderness in the rough old sailor's voice, which betrayed the depth of his affection for his little foster-child.

A shadow flitted over Jack's brow, but he said calmly—

"Well, Edith, who is this nice gentleman?"

"Mr. De Lanie, the son of the rich man, at The Grange."

"Ha! an old friend of yours, Mary, the boy's father?" And so he must have seen Edith, or he would not have known such a child lived! How happened it?"

Mrs. Tarleton explained the circumstances of Hamilton's visit—passing lightly over the insolence of Eugene De Lanie, and dwelling long upon the respectful kindness of his brother. Jack seemed but slightly pleased, though he listened attentively to the explanation.

"And you are willing that Edith shall become the prot—pro—hang the word! 'tis a French ginecrack, but it expresses my meaning exactly—ah, I have a right to be considered!"

"I have considered it calmly, Jack, and decided it is best. Edith is no common child, and we do not know to what noble family she may belong. We are poor, we shall always be thus, and it is wrong to deprive the child of this freely offered privilege. I feel an assurance that it will be best for us to consent."

"The reasoning sounds well enough, wife, but I must see this young De Lanie before I make up my mind about trusting Edith to him. My ship sails in three days for the South Sea, and I must see him in that time!"

"He is coming now, father," cried Edith, hastening from the window where she had been standing—"he is at the door."

Jack arose, and faced the new comer, with his penetrating gray eyes reading him through and through. De Lanie did not shrink from the scrutiny, but stood calm and erect, with his clear honest face raised to the full gaze of the sturdy old sailor. Jack was evidently satisfied, for he held out his hand cordially, and grasping that of De Lanie, exclaimed,

GREENSBORO, N. C., FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1858.

WHOLE No. 112.

Hamilton's heart was touched with pity, and he remained ever near her, to strive by his delicate attention to win her back to happiness. He drove out into the broad beautiful country with her—he directed her studies carefully—he listened enchanted to the wild sad strains of music which she drew from the piano he had given her, and day by day, unconsciously to himself, unconsciously to her, Edith Tarleton grew dearer to him.

One glorious September evening, Hamilton had occasion to pass into the library for a book, and entering the room noiselessly, he surprised Edith, weeping, within a curtained recess. Her face bore traces of anger as well as sorrow, and Hamilton drew back the curtain and sat down by her side.

"What is it, Edith? What troubles you, my child?" he asked kindly, taking her small, white hand in his—"I am your friend, and should be your confidant. Trust me!"

She did not reply, but disengaging her hand from his clasp, averted her face. He put his arm about her waist, and drew her closely to his side.

"Tell me, Edith—it is my right to know!"

"Good morning, my father!"

He sprang forward, and put his hand upon her lips. "Edith, don't call me thus before breakfast; and found her sitting beneath a locust tree, reading the last book which he had given her. Hamilton's face bore a look of new-born determination—a sort of tremulous joy, not unmixed with uncertainty. Edith looked searching at him, for she could not read his countenance now; but she only said, rising—

"Good morning, my father!"

She did not reply, but disengaging her hand from his clasp, averted her face. He put his arm about her waist, and drew her closely to his side.

"Tell me, Edith—it is my right to know!"

"Good morning, my father!"

He took both her hands tenderly and respectfully in his—and went on—

"Edith, you are young, scarce sixteen; I am twenty-five—is there difference enough in our ages to justify the relation of father and child?"

"Hamilton De Lanie, is it wrong for me to stay here with you?"

"Wrong, Edith! Who dares to say it?"

Show me the man who dares utter the name, and—"

"Hush! it was your own brother!"

"My brother! Eugene? Impossible! He would not have spoken thus."

"This morning, Mr. De Lanie, your brother was here with the proud beautiful girl who will one day be very near to you—even you—my friend. I met them in the entry; and he spoke cold, scornful words of my attachment to you—he spoke of interest, and scheming souls; he said much that I did not comprehend; and she laughed in my face, when I defended your generous kindness! If it is wrong for me to stay here—it will be so considered in the eyes of the world—I will never sleep another night beneath this roof! Be truthful with my ignorance and tell me, my father!"

Hamilton started—it was the first time he had ever called him *father*, although he had often used that title in speaking to her of himself; but now the word grated painfully upon his ear. With a strong, determined arm, he seated Edith again upon the divan by his side, and for the space of full five minutes he looked into her face. Then, drawing her beautiful head to his breast, he pressed upon her red lips a single burning kiss, and whispered—

"Mr. De Lanie, you are trifling with me!"

"God forbid! Edith, come close to me and look into my eyes, and tell me if you read deceit there! As never before my heart loved woman, so does it now love you! You can love me thus, Edith!"

She stood still a moment, and passed her hand wanderingly over her brow.

"I do not know what *love* is—I have heard no one explain it—but if to feel every fibre of being thrill at the sound of one's voice—to be willing to lie down in the cold grave—would to save that one a pang—if to feel the whole beautiful world a blank without that one,—then it has dwelt long in my breast for my benefactor."

A flush like the red sunlight went over her face, but faded out instantly, leaving it white as that of a statue. She folded her hands together, and said, with ineffable sadness—

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THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

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Waifs from Washington.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE "TIMES."

WASHINGTON, March 2, 1858.

The Epidemic—Fashion still Reigns—Presto!—Beaupre—Other Goyettes—Literary Celebrities—Washington Correspondence—Fashionable Gossips—Congress in brief—N. C. Adventures, &c.

The dueling epidemic has ended. The existing difficulties have been settled, and we find quite a calm ever succeeding such a storm. Wounded honor has been avenged between two of the Lieutenants in the Navy. They met at Philadelphia, exchanged shots, shook hands, and returned to the city with an increased appetite for coffee without pistols. In case of due No. 2, suitable apologies have been made, and by date of course settled. Peace to the names of the dueling epidemic!

I have to recall a little I said in my last—that goyettes are at an end. On the contrary they have commenced in good earnest. At the President's reception on Tuesday last week, the fashion of our city, coupled with its distinguished people were out in full force. I of course shall not enter into the silly details of some of our papers—informing you that the “amiable and beautiful Miss Tompkins” was dressed in pink, with roses in her hair; or that Miss Jones' diamonds were admired by the entire assembly. Is not such stuff simply ridiculous? I think so. I shall just tell you that there were the fairest representatives of the ladies of this Union, present on that occasion; it was a fair Congress. It included some of the fair daughters of your State, but I am averse to giving you the names, you of course feel satisfied that she was fully and honorably represented. Of the distinguished persons present, there were many worthy of a place in my list. But passing from the East Room with its crowd of beauty and fashion, into the Blue Room, I saw the following beautiful and distinguished group: engaged in conversation was Miss Lane and Lord Napier, while Sir Wm. Ousey stood by endeavoring to get in a word now and then. Hon. Sec. Cobb was conversing with Lady Ousey, while Baron Gerault was entertaining Lady Napier. Good-natured U. S. Marshall Hoover was much amused at the witty remarks of Miss Brown, the companion of Miss Lane at the Presidential mansion. Promenading by them was Senator Houston, minus his pipe-stick and coat; and Gen. Harney, who in stature and bravery is a fitting companion of the Texan General. There was the usual good music, the President busy with his introductions, and the general sight-seeing of the assembly—White kids, rustling silks and fragrant flowers were all blended in one common view, together with the beauty and talents always present.

The peeress of Minnesota Roy has recovered from her recent indisposition, and she welcomed her friends at a *Maison* on Saturday last. Hon. Mr. Douglass was also present, happy indeed in the realization that a cloud of mourning had not passed over his domestic happiness. See relatives Brown and Thompson also gave brilliant receptions last week. A fair author of the “Sunny South” graced both of these occasions with her presence and won around her a circle marked by literary talent and admiring beauty. As our Norfolk authoress has been accused of dagerrototyping “Washington Life” for the Northern press, she was of course surrounded by her numerous literary friends; but I believe Miss B. has disclaimed the reputation of “Fan Farone,” which has been awarded to her until lately,—and the question now is, who can it be?

It is an apt and true saying, that it is absolutely necessary that “Washington Correspondence” should emanate from the Federal city, and hence idle gossip in the press purporting to be from headquarters, has been awarded to literary persons residing at some distance. But Miss “Fan Farone” moves, and has her being in Washington. Correspondents here, both ladies and gentlemen, are connected by a common sympathy for their profession; and although they are sorry *not* to themselves, they can easily recognize “made up” correspondence, written within the walls of the *sacrum*. For instance, Sharpe's *Pictorial Journal of Civilization*, pretends to have a correspondence here, but he always *non est in ventu*. He lives in New York, and steals most impudently too, all his gossip from the “thunder” of other correspondents. It is a pity that he has to wait so long for Mackay's *Newspaper*, as the *Advertiser* is adduced to it for stealing English articles, by the column “Appropriation of Magazines” literature, the accusation of wholesale plagiarism against O'Brien, in his story of the “Diamond Lens,” published in the January number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, is creating much gossip here in literary circles, as the *Atlantic* draws a thick veil between its columns and its contributors.

There has nothing of importance transpired in Congress the past week. In the House personal explanations, the passage of two appropriation bills, and the resolution to expel a member from N. Y., caused up, and thus the time has been occupied. In the Senate speeches on the present state of public affairs have occupied most of the time. The way bill has received its death blow. There is no hope for it, and it will not pass.

It is intimated that the young Judge ship in the U. S. District Court in your State, will be conferred to Senator Biggs. A more fitting man could not be found, but I doubt if he would accept. It is a source of deep regret among his friends, that the Hon. Senator Reid is still detained by illness at Richmond. It

is reported here that he is quite low at present—having experienced a relapse.

Yours, &c., ANGUS.

N. Y. CORRESPONDENCE.

New York on N. C.—Twenty-second February Winter—Snow—Lola Montez—Burke & Hamilton—Arctic Voyages—The Poor—A Scene—Colored Celebration—Railroads—Banks—Business.

DEAR TIMES:—A gentleman of this city, a North Carolinian, has been engaged for some time in collecting materials for a *Pictorial Biography* of distinguished and worthy citizens of North Carolina, from every walk of life, to be published in numbers, each to have four portraits, with autographs, and from two to six pages of biography, embracing the principal incidents of their lives; the whole to be executed in the very best style of printing and lithography. Perfect likenesses guaranteed, and afforded at a price not to exceed twelve and a half cents each, for the likeness and biography. This is a novel idea, and at the same time a highly commendable one, especially for the “Old North State,” for by it the deeds of her noble sons may be put in form to live for generations to come.

A detail of the plan will be made known soon, through the papers of the Times.

Washington's Birthday was duly celebrated here yesterday. Hon. E. Brooks delivered the principal oration at the Academy of Music, to an immense audience, under the auspices of the “Order of United Americans.” The City Authorities and the “Old Veterans” had their usual dinner and “muster.” The Military made a fine display, and were reviewed by the Mayor. The weather was clear, cool, and “slushy” under foot; no accidents worthy of note occurred. Old Winter gave a blast last week, and a coat of snow some five inches deep, and our timid streams and lakes have all been converted into “hardshells” to the great joy of ice mongers, and those who want their mint juleps the next summer “cold.” So great was the rage on Saturday last for “sleigh rides,” that a good sleigh and four went up to \$50, for an evening excursion. But alas! for lovers and robe-wrapped swains, just as all “things were ready,” the snow, by some gentle glances of the King of day, was sifted by the strong breath of old Mr. “Boreas,” because resive, and either “creased in,” or “flew up” so, that, with the exception of a large number of “narrowists,” who improved *Sundays* by insulating their mink, all the enthusiasm of love and fun and bells have dwindled to the “baseless fabric of a vision.” All suffered save the horses. For a week we have had fair winter weather, and ice is being hauled in large quantities.

“Lotte Montez” has been lecturing here for some time men, women and things, mostly on “things” the former being scarce. She has had quite large audiences; how good they were, dependant not on. She is a woman of considerable experience and mind, and some appearance, or she would not receive daily “proposals,” for another state of circumstances, domestically speaking. She has, however, given out some good ideas on the woman and man questions, which, from time immemorial, has grievously vexed some people's minds; for instance, she says, with all due respect to Mr. and Mrs. Bissoner, that she never could see how *slavery* a woman's coat-tail would strengthen her moral, or *per contra*, how a little beard and a few fingerlings white linen, etc., would magnify an animal into a man, to lead it over the other part of creation.

The eyes of Burr and Hamilton, coming out at the same time, have had a great run, and in running, have stumbled over the old hot bed of corruption and scandal, and waked up the old political antinomies of the favorites of these two once remarkable geniuses and men, one of whom was killed, and the other ought to have been. Mr. Hamilton has shown his *softness*, a thing that was a stranger to his father, in making him the Washington, whom he called *George*. From the sublime to the ridiculous, there is but a “step,” and many are they who have measured it.

The peers of Minnesota Roy has recovered from her recent indisposition, and she welcomed her friends at a *Maison* on Saturday last. Hon. Mr. Douglass was also present, happy indeed in the realization that a cloud of mourning had not passed over his domestic happiness. See relatives Brown and Thompson also gave brilliant receptions last week. A fair author of the “Sunny South” graced both of these occasions with her presence and won around her a circle marked by literary talent and admiring beauty. As our Norfolk authoress has been accused of dagerrototyping “Washington Life” for the Northern press, she was of course surrounded by her numerous literary friends; but I believe Miss B. has disclaimed the reputation of “Fan Farone,” which has been awarded to her until lately,—and the question now is, who can it be?

“The Poor” ye have always with you, applies with signal force to our city this winter,—some twenty-five thousand being without the means of procuring an honest living. Charity balls, lectures, and systematic associations have all been brought to bear in their behalf; yet half their miseries have never been seen nor relieved.

I saw a man with four children, who had but 6 cents worth of *Bread* for all twenty-four hours! What moved me most for the “poor” was in a search for a resting place for one of my own household in the Cypress Hills Cemetery,—where nature and art have exhausted their beauty and genius, I met a strong, sturdy German, bending up the fastened pathway with a box on his shoulder, covered with a piece of coarse cloth, followed by a boy some 10 or 11 years old; his face was marked with sorrow and anguish. I accosted him and inquired his errand and where he was going. He sat down his burden and said: “I am looking for the east side, where they bury poor people; this is my fourth child—fed from hunger and poverty, my wife is sick and I came to bury my last baby; how do go?” The tale was simple—soon told—I directed him, he took up his coffin, wended his way up the hill, and disappeared. O ye who have houses and lands, and money, and friends, behold this man carrying his “last baby” five miles upon his shoulder, with no mourner but the last surviving boy, no help but what God had given him, solomly, but firmly, going to the place “where they bury poor people.” Though my own soul was harrowed to its utmost tension, in the loss and search for a place to put my own boy who was accidentally drowned—yet, when I saw this monument of sorrow and affliction, my heart was lightened of a great measure of its agony, and I was constrained to bless God and exclaim, “Lord, be merciful to the poor!”

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Our banks have thirty-two millions in specie, and our merchants have no trade, and only about one-third the usual amount is expended! But as this may not be my last, I must close. Yours, E.

Feb. 23, 1858.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Among the Books.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

Russell's Magazine—Parton's Life of Aaron Burr—Smucker's Lives of American Explorers—Sir Walter Scott's Poems—Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott—James Russell Lowell's Poems—School-Days at Rugby—Beatrice Cenci.

The last number of *Russell's Magazine* is one of peculiar excellence, and bears evidence with it of an unnecessary outward assertion that the enterprise is establishing itself on a firm basis. Quietly, and without even the ordinary amount of care to make its claims known, it has set work its way up to certain success. We know of many men of letters in the South and elsewhere who will rejoice heartily at this. No other literary enterprise of the day, of a like character, has enlisted a warmer interest in certain quarters, though doubts and misgivings have operated to the disadvantage of the venture, and made many hesitate to come up to its aid, who hope most for its success. Other enterprises of a like nature, we are glad now to believe have not failed heretofore so much for the want of encouragement as for the lack of proper management, and that erroneous faith guiding at the helm which can believe that a second-rate thing may be put upon an intelligent community as easily as one of a high character. No such mistake has yet been made in “Russell,” and we have that the book will not regret the time spent in so doing. The educational system of the great Dr. Arnold was never more thoroughly sketched than in this volume, while the lively and pleasant style of the narrative relieves it from the tedious which a dull propositus would inevitably give to it.

Messrs. Mason Brothers, New York, have just issued Mrs. Watts Sherman's translation of Guerrazzi's famous historical novel, *Beatrice Cenci*, in two handsome duodecimo volumes. This edition is a complete and uniminated transcript of the great Italian novel, and is published with the postscript of the author, and almost every page of the original.

The third edition of *Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby* has been published with the postscript of the author, and is from the third London edition, which will prove the popularity of the work both in this country and in England—a popularity to be estimated the more highly as the subject of the work is one which can hardly be called attractive to any but those who are fond of the narrative.

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THE TIMES



The Celebration at Richmond.

The inaugurating ceremonies of the Washington statue in Richmond on the 22 February were described as most grand and imposing. The like has never been seen in Richmond before, unless we except the reception of La Fayette in 1830, on which occasion the festivities and the brilliant illuminations lasted for three days and nights.

The number of strangers in the city on the 22nd ult., is estimated at 100,000.—We give a brief description of the day's proceedings from the *South*:

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1858.

EDITORS.

E. W. OGBURN, E. C. COLE, JAMES W. ALBRIGHT.

Corresponding Editors.

ROB. G. STAPLES, Portsmouth, Va.
WILLIAM R. HUNTER, South Carolina.

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WANTED, AT THIS OFFICE.
A boy of good moral habits, 14 or 15 years of age, as an apprentice to the printing business. A good English education required.

January, 1858.

GUILFORD EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION:—We are requested by the secretary to remind the members of the association and the public generally, that the next regular meeting would be held in the hall of the Greensboro High School, Saturday 13th inst., commencing at 10 o'clock. A public address may be expected besides the discussion of the question adopted at the last meeting, "Whether or not are children confined too long in the school room."

We hope our citizens will take more interest in these meetings than they have exhibited heretofore. If the association is to do any good it is necessary that a general interest should be exhibited, not only by those immediately engaged in teaching, but by all who appreciate the advantages of a good education and wish to see our educational interests succeed.

RELIGIOUS:—The Elder's convention of the Presbyterian Synod of North Carolina, held in this place last week, was largely attended from different portions of the State. The general discussions on the state of the church were interesting and we doubt not will be promotive of much good in strengthening the church and in spreading the Gospel. A report was drawn up with a number of resolutions expressive of the sentiment of the convention, and were left in the hands of the committee to have published. Among the most prominent debaters was Hon. A. W. Venable of Granville. He delivered several addresses, apparently with great ease and fluency.

ROANOKE LITERARY SOCIETY—LECTURE BY REV. JOHN E. EDWARDS:—This distinguished divine, well known to many of our readers, lectured on the 11th in Weldon before the Roanoke Literary Society—subject, "American Tourists in Europe." A correspondent of the Petersburg Express says:

"The time occupied in the delivery was about one hour and ten minutes, and the repeated applause during its delivery, told emphatically how it was being received and appreciated. I do not design giving you a synopsis of the lecture, but the criticisms on Michael Angelo were peculiarly strong, pointed and elegant, and according to my notion, equally just and appropriate. The lecturer in thus attacking, and his masterly skill in demolishing the fancifully wrought "Public Opinion" that had long ago manufactured by the artist's friends and handed down, and adopted by succeeding generations as a fixed fact."

Italy and its sunset beauties also received justice, and were bereft of the gaudy tint that imagination alone had imparted to them; and in everything touched upon by the lecturer was treated fairly and honestly, but not with that sickening sort of flattery and praise which travelers are apt to bestow, because somebody else "said so," or more properly speaking, because omnipotent "they" have made them "fairy lands."

The lecture was well received and the highest encomiums passed upon it by all. A distinguished gentleman from Northampton went forward at the close of the lecture and thanked Mr. Edwards for the rich entertainment he had afforded him, and at a regular meeting of the Society to-night, the following resolution was adopted by acclamation:

"Resolved, That the thanks of the Roanoke Literary Society are due and hereby tendered to the Rev. John E. Edwards for the very able, eloquent, interesting and instructive lecture delivered this evening."

I hope it won't make him proud, but your townsmen goes away from here covered with laurels."

The next lecture will be delivered by Rev. Dr. Deems.

IRISH POTATOES: Friend Hampton, of Friendship, gave us a few of the finest Irish Potatoes we have ever seen. They were grown on Hamilton Lindsey's farm in the Western part of this county. As it is very important to have good seed when you are ready to plant, it would be well to secure a few bushels now. Being raised in this country, there is not half the risk to run from change of soil and climate, as there would be in the planting of mountain potatoes.

Pointing to the Capitol where she was seated as the guest of the State and witnessing the imposing ceremonies without.

who will sing and say this day's story in stronger, sweeter strains than I can sing or say?"

We cannot make room for Mr. Thompson's beautiful "Opening Ode," nor the very eloquent address and eulogy by Hon. R. M. T. Hunter. We read them both in the March number of the Southern Literary Messenger, and to that, refer the reader. The patriotic ode by James Barron Esqr., was not published. We are informed, however, it will appear soon in a new volume of poems which the author is preparing for the press.

Of the Monument, we find the following description:

Crawford's monument is considered his masterpiece, and one of the greatest triumphs of American art. The basement is in the shape of a star, with six points, upon each one of which will stand a statue of one of these Virginians who so eloquently aided the *pater patria* by their eloquence, their genius, or their swords. Patrick Henry, with his arms raised and extended, is energetically advocating independence; while Jefferson, in an attitude of earnest contemplation, holds in one hand a pen, and in the other the Declaration of Independence. When all of these figures are finished and in their places, the effect will be very striking.

In the centre of this group, and towering above it, is the colossal equestrian statue of Washington, which, including the charger is twenty five feet high. The great chief is represented in full continental uniform, at the critical moment in a battle. His horse is reared up and partly thrown upon the haunches, as if suddenly checked while moving rapidly, while the rider sits on the beast with majestic ease and, as if something had suddenly caught his attention in the distance, he is pointing forward and rather upward with his hand while his head and face are slightly turned to the left, and might indicate that he was either calling the object that had just struck his own eyes to the notice of his companions, or was giving a command to be executed at the spot to which he points.

Burr, before the close of his Vice-Presidency, was a candidate for the office of Governor. He was defeated. Hamilton stood in his way. His personal popularity was great, but not enough to stand in the course of so many opponents. In the course of the contest, Hamilton had induced himself in his bitter usual philippic against his rival. He had done so for years.

On one occasion, some time previous to the present, Burr received some imperfect information on the subject. He called upon Hamilton, told him frankly what he had heard and asked for explanation and apology.

Hamilton gave the desired explanation or apology, and assured Burr that he should have no future ground for complaint. But, notwithstanding this explanation and assurance, there was no change in Hamilton's tactics. He still denounced him as a dangerous man and one who ought not to be trusted with the reins of government; and thus, coupled with a fine talents, he had made himself a most obnoxious character.

During the election for Governor, Dr. Cooper, of Albany, heard Hamilton declare that he was opposed to Burr, and made a public statement to that effect. Gen. Schuyler denied the truth of this assertion, which Dr. Cooper then reiterated in a published letter, saying that Hamilton and Judge Kent had both characterized Burr as "a dangerous man, and one who ought not to be trusted with the reins of government;" and that "he would detail a still more despicable opinion which Gen. Hamilton had expressed of Mr. Burr." Nearly two months after this letter was written, Burr addressed a note to Hamilton asking for an unqualified acknowledgment or denial of the use of any expression which would justify Dr. Cooper's assertion. The dispute turned upon the words "more despicable," and as to them there obviously were many difficulties.

Cooper thought that the expression, "a dangerous man and one who ought not to be trusted with the reins of government," conveyed a despicable opinion; but many persons might think that such language did not go beyond the reasonable limits of political animadversion.

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GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Heart Memories.

Respectfully inscribed to Miss M. C. G. of R.

BY J. JINUS JUSTUS.

Memory glides softly o'er the varied past,

And drowses with folded wing.

Arouse! the flowers which were gently cast

In life's path, sweet as spring.

I remember those hours of joys agone,

Endear'd by friendship's ties;

When voices mingled in happy tone,

Amid love-lit sparkling eyes.

All memories indeed their sweets distil,

But Heart Memories are sweeter still.

Now memory plumes her wing again,

And seeks that happy strong;

When mirth puts forth its pealing notes

With glee.

And heart with heart entwined,

Seem overwhelmed beyond degree,

With hope and bliss combined

All memories indeed their places fill,

But Heart Memories are better still.

But memory's dearest hiding place,

Is the heart of that one true;

Whose lovely form our hearts embrace

Their own affections to subdue.

Recollections fond, it brings to mind,

Which caused the lips to move,

Put strength still in heart to bind,

No gentle actions prove.

All memories indeed their sweets distil,

But Heart Memories are sweeter still.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

SNOW FLAKES IN THE STREET.

BY GEO. W. DAMAS.

O how cold it was! We had had pleasant, sunny days—winter seemed like spring; and everybody felt as happy as if the summer months had really come—but now the snow blew in our face, and the wind whistled round the street corners. “Tis awful cold!” was the general exclamation. Now we don’t know that it was really cold, but we felt the change more severely—it was so sudden.

“Buy a paper, sir! Herald and Times?” We shook our head. “Buy a paper? why? our very fingers would freeze in handing the change!” we mentally exclaimed. We took a second look, despite the driving snow—he had a large bundle of papers, but customers were not to be found in such a storm. He noticed our hesitancy and indecision—

“Paper, sir, Dispatch, Courier and Times—only a few pieces?”

“Certainly! come in the hotel—it’s too cold here in the street.” He hesitated and then followed. How warn it seemed compared with the chilling blast. How cosy and nice the hotel boilers were, with their feet on the steam pipes. Visions of the genial antarctic in the grate rose before us, as we lifted our feet on to the rods and commenced to lay in a stock of papers for the evening.

“How many different copies have you?” asked of the shivering boy.

“Three, sir!—We never knew a newsboy not to mention his whole stock in trade.”

“One of each—here’s your money, you may keep it; you seem to be deserving.”

“Hope I am; thank you, sir—mother says ‘I am.’” he mournfully replied.

“Your mother, indeed? If she says you are, it is truly so. How long have you been selling papers? Sit down, I want to talk to you—have you no other employment?” We asked these questions with a smile even at our interest in the newsboy.

“Six years, sir—a long time!”

“Six years! why, that is a long time—you must have commenced young, but—”

“O yes, I am employed in the office in the night.”

“Then you are connected with the press?” we inquired, smiling at the question, in the man in it was asked, and deeply sympathizing with even so humble a member.

“I sometimes read ‘copy,’ feed the press, and am one of the corps de reserve, as the foreman calls me. I do not stay there all the time, as you see.”

“Paper, sir, Times, Dispatch, and Courier?” he cried out to a man just passing us—a broker-shylock rather—who had taken refuge in the hotel from the storm, and was impotent to be out—to judge by his hasty step as he promenaded back and forth on the marble tiles; the very click of his bovine evidence his determination in his strides.

“Paper? No, sir. What do I want of a paper? Don’t never ask me again. Confound these news!” he muttered, as wrapped up in his Venetian cloak, covering his shylock heart, he strode away.

“You never mind such answers I hope—it was harsh and mean.”

“O I am used to them; hundreds such every day. But see, sir, it has stopped snowing, and I must go again on the street. Besides, if the porter sees me here, he will put me out and perhaps give me a blow for disobeying orders;” and he was about to go when I detained him a moment.

“Give me your mother’s address if you please; and I wish you to call in the morning at ten, at the corner of Main and Second street—I will be there.”

Had I not taken a strange interest in a mere street newsboy? He gave me the required address and his promise. And gazing on me with a strange look—one of visionary interest—he was soon away. I had nearly forgotten him—so intently had I been reading one of the papers. An hour had soon glided away. Again his plaintive voice rung out in the room—

“Evening papers? You are a life subscriber,” said he, handing me an evening paper. “I have a partner you see; I loaned him the extra change you gave me, and he has already trebled the capital. I’ll remember your request, sir. Evening papers—this way!” and he was lost to my sight in the crowd. I pocketed my papers and was soon on the street. It had stopped snowing, and the merry sleigh

bells already rung out a pleasant song. The pavements were being cleared—boys were snow-balling passers-by, and everything seemed to possess renewed activity. I felt joyous, and everybody looked as if they had caught the spirit of the scene. Thanks to snow-flakes! As Burns has it, they sometimes are

“A moment white, then, melt forever.”

And feeling really poetical, I could not forget Mrs. Hale’s lines in which she says,

“Gently as ilies still their leaves,

When summer days are fair,

The featherly snow comes floating down,

Like blossoms on the air.”

A newsboy is an “institution,” I thought as I gathered my papers all together and laid down on the sofa for real genuine enjoyment. There is something fresh about him; never desponding—he always looks at the bright side of the painting. It is amusing, too, to learn the floating, ready knowledge he possesses. He reads the main headings on the bulletin boards, and when the papers are out, he loses no time by learning their contents, but tries out that which he has committed from the bulletins. He is generally accommodating, does not possess any superfluous manners, but has always ready a *repertoire* for any one who wishes to waste words on him. His friends are more numerous, and by far more lasting than an office-seeker’s—everybody is something of a friend to him. He discusses with his companions the relative merits of political parties, and takes a deep interest in local affairs. We do not vouch for the soundness of his logic, but his arguments are often tenable. The adage that “tis an ill wind, &c., applies strictly to him. The wreck of a steamer, a railroad accident, a row in Congress, brings a small avalanche of money to his pocket. He is very independent, minds “his own business,” has had his life duly chronicled in a 12mo. book, and lives not only for himself but the world. Poxerty will never say anything unkind of him; when he dies, there is an end of him—morally, physically; and memories of him soon die. His companions pay the expenses of his funeral—if the Savings Bank has none of treasures—and they stand by as mourners, while the pine-box is lowered to its resting-place; “the elds of the valley are thrown rudely into the boggar’s grave,” and the funeral shadow of the victim vanishes. The snow-flakes may mantle his grave, or the genial warmth of the summer sun may cause the flowers of eternal peace and goodness to bloom in the valley. We have pleasant memories of him. Reader, by your affection for them, treat the newsboy, wherever found, kindly.”

My newly-made friend called the next morning. His fatherless home was made comfortable by my assistance, previously; and taking the mother’s affections and my confidence for him, for recommendations he was soon established as a junior clerk in an influential and wealthy house in the metropolis. His salary is small but ample enough for the support of the mother and her only child. He often asks me if I wished to see a happy home. I have been—tis truly happy. I have great confidence in him, and most ambitious designs for him. He meriters them all—and, thanks to a bountiful Providence, have the power to carry them out. You will know him, when you see him; for his intelligent countenance, his rich complexion—planted in him by his early life in the open air—he is neat dress and polite manners have made him generally known in all business circles.

The snow-flakes are falling “gently here and there” and how fair and beautiful! They seem to me to come from Heaven—so to bless this anniversary of my meeting the newsboy in the snow-flake. He feels happy to-day, and so do I.

The Lost Child and the Dog.

One of the most striking instances which we have heard of the sagacity and personal attachment in the shepherd’s dog, occurred about half a century ago, in the Grampian mountains.

In one of his excursions to his distant flocks in the high pastures, a shepherd happened to carry along with him one of his children, an infant about three years old. After traversing his pasture for some time, attended by his dog, the shepherd found himself under the necessity of ascending a summit at some distance, to a more extensive view of his range.

SALT FOR PLUM TREES.—The New England Farmer states that it is impossible to cultivate any kind of plums with success in our climate, unless salt enter liberally as an ingredient of the compost for fertilizing the trees. When salt is applied mixed with house ashes, there appears to be no difficulty in producing healthy plum trees. Plum trees should be washed once or twice every year with salt brine, and the ground around the roots should be kept clean and free from grass and weeds.

ARTIFICIAL WHITE LIGHT.—The light produced by wax and tallow candles, and by oil and gas under combustion, is yellow in color; this is the reason why we can scarcely distinguish between blue and green colors at night by artificial illumination. A correspondent of the London Mechanics’ Magazine makes an inquiry regarding the possibility of obtaining artificial white light, by making it pass through a series of glasses tinted according to the prismatic spectrum, neglecting the yellow ray, of course. A very great improvement in the color of the artificial light could easily be effected by employing globes or shades of a very faint purple color.

Purple is composed of the red and blue rays of the spectrum, which, properly combined with the yellow ray, produce white.

Melons.—The melon succeeds in any strong, unexhausted loam, rich in vegetable matter, with a mixture of sand, but not too light.

Onions.—The onion, to attain good size, requires rich, yellow ground, on a dry soil. If the soil be poor and exhausted, recruit it with a compost of fresh loam and well consumed dung, avoiding to use stable dung in a rank, unrefined state. Turn in the manure to a moderate depth, and in digging the ground let it be broken fine.

Parsons.—The soil should be light, deep, and free from stones. It should be dug or trenched before sowing, one good spade deep at least, being careful to pulverize the soil thoroughly, that the roots may have no obstruction to prevent their running down long and straight. If the soil be proper for them, it is said that they will not require much manure; and what is used should be perfectly decomposed, or, if recent, be deposited at the trench.

Evening papers?—You are a life subscriber,” said he, handing me an evening paper. “I have a partner you see; I loaned him the extra change you gave me, and he has already trebled the capital. I’ll remember your request, sir. Evening papers—this way!” and he was lost to my sight in the crowd. I pocketed my papers and was soon on the street. It had stopped snowing, and the merry sleigh

silent work of time, but the sudden effect of some violent convulsion of the earth. Down one of these rugged and most perpendicular descents the dog began without hesitation to make his way, and at last disappeared into a cave, the mouth of which was almost level with the torrent. The shepherd with difficulty followed; but on entering the cave, what were his emotions when he beheld his infant, eating with much satisfaction the cake which the dog had just brought him, while the faithful animal stood by, crying his young charge with the greatest compunction!

From the situation in which the child was found, it appears that he had wandered to the brink of the precipice, and then either fallen or scrambled down till he reached the cave, which the dread of the torrent had afterwards prevented him from quitting. The dog, by means of his scent, had traced him to the spot, and afterwards prevented him from starving, by giving up to him his daily allowance. He appears never to have quitted the child by night or day, except when it was necessary to go for his food, and then he was always seen running at full speed to and from the cottage.

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Salad for the Solitary.

W is brook wood, Judas’ timber; the one gives the greatest flavor, the other yields the deepest heat, and both meeting makes the best fire.

THOMAS OTTERBACH.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.—A. and B. purchased a farm containing 164 acres, for which they paid \$2600. Each acre paid on equal amount, and was to receive an equal part of the land; but on dividing the farm, it was found that the man from whom A wished to have his taken, was worth \$5.00 per acre more than B’s end.

Required the number of acres that each received, and the price each paid per acre?

Answer next week.

SAFES.—Why are the majority of our merchants and bankers secure from contracting consumption, of the lungs? Because they are provided with iron-chests.

A Writer on domestic economy, in giving instructions for keeping eggs fresh, says, “Lay them with the small end down.” He does not specify whether this direction is for the hen or the housewife.

He who lives only to benefit himself, gives the world a benefit when he dies.

Many complain of neglect who never tried to attain regard.

A farmer recently had his butter seized by the clerk of the market for short weight. He gave as a reason that the cow from which the butter was made was subject to the cramp, and that caused the butter to shrink in the weight.

TO THE PUBLIC.—The undersigned being well known as a writer, would offer his services to the public in any way he can. He will write Orations, Addresses, Essays, Presentations speeches and replies, prepare matter for the Press, write Acrostics, Lines for Albums, Obituaries, and in fact attend to every species of correspondence. The utmost secrecy maintained. Address, FINLEY JOHNSON, 107f

Baltimore, Md.

J. W. HOWLETT & SON,

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1818.

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to the citizens of Greensboro and all others who may desire operations performed on their teeth in the most approved, modern and scientific manner.

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The Senior of the firm has in his possession Diplomas from the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, American Society of Dental Surgeons, and Dr. S. S. Fitter of Philadelphia, and has been in the regular practice of the profession for many years.

They have furnished their Operating Rooms on Market Street two doors above the Blind House, in a handsome and comfortable manner for the reception of ladies, where one of the firm may always be found. Ladies will be waited on at their residences if desired.

JANUARY 1, 1856.

1-lv.

NEW CABINET SHOP.—J. A. PRITCHETT, 107f

PRITCHETT respectfully informs the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding

country that he has opened a CABINET SHOP on South street, one door from the Depot, where he is prepared to furnish all articles in his line such as Dressing Bureaus, Wardrobes, Bedsteads, Washstands, Tables, &c.

Work delivered on board the Cars free of charge.

He is desirous that all persons wishing any thing in his line would call and examine his work as he is confident, from his past experience, that it cannot be excelled in any other shop.

60½lv.

JAMES M. EDNEY, COMMISSION MERCHANT. 56 John street, N. Y.

BUYS and FORWARDS every kind of merchandise for 23 per cent. Commission. Refers to Goss, Swain and Morehead, N. W. Woodin, J. W. Osborne, G. P. Mendenhall, A. M. Gorman, Eggs, and Rev. C. F. Drennan, Hon. W. A. Graham, and others. Dealer in Pianos, Melodeons, &c. Printed list of all the different makes, kinds and prices sent free. Publisher of an elegant lithograph of “History Nat. Fauna,” N. C. (1851) and the “Cherokee Physician: or, Indian Guide to Health.” This invaluable family adviser should be in every house. It treats of all diseases and angels.”

Dobbin is a